

## The Critic

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## Nature and the Native.

WISE Autochthon, bid thy roots  
Grapple firmer yet the soil,  
That assures thee bread and oil.  
Wandering life thy scheme ill suits,  
Strengthen every connate tie.  
Thou art held within a coil:  
Free thou art, if thou comply;  
Bond, the moment thou wouldst fly.

Nature becomes genial and communicative only when assurance is given that you have come to stay, to 'locate,' and make a focus (or fireside) on your own account; but should it appear that you are only touching, on your way to some more distant point, she gives the genii of the place explicit orders not to induct you into any of their choicer mysteries: the mere spy is tolerated, but not encouraged. You come, eager and aggressive, on your specialist's errand, whatever it may be,—botany, ornithology, or other; you may take hence, perforce, a large number and variety of specimens, press the flower, embalm the bird; but a 'dry garden' and a case of still-life are poor showings for the true natural history of flower or bird. This can be obtained only by remaining, and becoming naturalized in that Queen's Dominion, of which your specimens were loyal subjects.

Distrustful Nature! jealous aborigines! It is plain no confidential relations can be established, as a basis for profitable intercourse, until it is thoroughly understood, by the court and the commonalty, that you intend remaining, and will take a citizen's interest in the smallest municipal affairs. A native of the level country had long regretted being shut out from the communion of the mountains. At length, it came in this native's way to perform the prophet's miracle, and he went to the mountains; but the mountains received him not: vows and oblations he failed not to pay at their altars, but to no avail. He came and went, frequenting their solemn deliberations. Something he heard of what was uttered by their granite lips, but it bore little significance to his mind, for he had never acquired the vernacular, and could find no one to act as interpreter in his behalf. Besides, it soon seemed to him he would like these grave eminences to stand from between him and his philosopher's sunlight, for unquestionably they

delayed the morning, and hurried on the evening shade. Taking train for home, he watched, with half-conscious satisfaction, the mountains lapsing to hills, the hills to gentle undulations,—like waves of the sea, quieting after a storm; and when, at sundown, the wide, open country, with its liberal harvest fields, and its frequent jutting peninsulas of dark woodland came in sight, sweet content and tranquil pleasure entered his heart, through his eyes. The scene appealed; he could respond; he could not mistake its purport, having been thus addressed since childhood.

Removed from home, it is curious what a congeries of foregone delights our memory finds to bemoan; the loss of what least thing afflicts us. Unless we can hear that distant Homeric alarm, the cawing of crows beyond the still, autumnal woods; unless our step threshes out the wild incense of pennyroyal as we go through the fields; unless we can see the scraggy trident of the old three-cleft apple-tree, thrust up sharply against the evening pallor,—we feel a sense of strangeness and deprivation altogether disproportioned to the significance of the poor things we prize. The Land of the Stranger—it is well situated under heaven, pleasantly diversified, prompt and generous with the husbandman; yet ask us not to sit in judgment upon its excellences, for we must confess to prejudice and a pre-occupation of love. The face of the Stranger's Land is fair, but, to us, it lacks spiritual beauty; good soil it is, but our own stubborn glebe will produce more for us. We owe to travel this, at least, that it sends us back to our own, with increased esteem and affection for the homely and familiar surrounding. Why do we trouble ourselves to go abroad, when

'the round year

Will fetch all fruits and virtues here?'

Remove a race, or an individual of a race, from its habitat, and we shall see with what fond ingenuity it strives to make the foster-land take on the semblance of the mother-country's face. The new country presents a horticultural hodge-podge,—a vast, unfenced field, gardened according to the home-reflecting custom of how many and diverse nationalities. Their works do always follow them; their grains, their trees, their flowers and (more's the pity!) their weeds, until only the botanical adept can safely say what is indigenous and what introduced. Wherever he goes, though only from section to section, the settler brings some traditional notion or other, which he recommends virgin Nature to adopt. Early in the pioneer days of the Western Reserve, a certain township blossomed out with mayweed, in whose hardy and prolific stock the tender slip of transplanted civilization encountered a stubborn combatant. Without doubt, *maruta cotula*, smuggling itself in with other botanical supernumeraries, would have followed the emigrants, at no distant day; but its immediate generation, in this particular neighborhood, was due to the broadcast sowings of one of the settlers, who, holding by the remedial virtues of mayweed, and fearing lest it might not abound in the new country, had taken care to bring from his eastern home a goodly supply of seed! Henceforth, among the neighbors, the weed was sarcastically mentioned as the 'Deacon's medicinal herb;' but I venture to believe even they were often gratefully reminded of the look and aroma of the home roads.

The binding strength of the claim which Nature—the limited Nature surrounding the spot of our nativity—fixes upon us, was never better illustrated than in the pathetic story told of the Eskimo, who, mortally ill, was being conveyed to his native land. As the voyage

progressed, he was constantly inquiring of those on the lookout: 'Do you see ice? Do you see ice?' Surely, if he did not live to reach the frozen coast of his mortal desire, his spirit could never have rested until it found an Elysian field of trackless snow and an unmelting palace, built from quarryings of the glacier. It is possible we do not yet understand the true pathology of home-sickness. Who knows whether soul or body pines more for the familiar envelopment? Have wood, field, rock and stream vested in us something of theirs? or have we so parted our spirit among them, that separation touches us so sorely? It is as though the lowly elemental life, inalienably connected with us on our Mother-Earth's side, cried out with one accord: 'O dear Native, stay with us in the place where you were born! We faithfully serve you while you speak and act among your mobile kind; and we, when you cease from speech and action altogether, will receive and disperse your worn-out substance more gently than it could ever happen to you elsewhere.' This lowly elemental life insists upon its kinship with us. Wherever man is born, he finds himself, in large degree, 'bounded by the nature of the place.' He may be reckoned outlandish or inlandish, according to the topography of his country. If he be of the highlands, he develops another set of muscles than that habitually exercised by the lowlander. As surely as Nature grows dwarfs or giants where she pleases, coloring them white, black, red, or yellow, curling their hair or brushing it straight and lank, she has a co-operative hand upon the temperamental qualities of the race. The countenance she turns toward us is, in a measure, reflected in our physiognomy, pictured small in the eye, so that frequently it may be inferred whether hill, prairie, or the watery plain fills our natural perspective. We read that the blood of certain marine crustaceans has the same pungent bitterness as the sea itself; is there not, perhaps, a salty tang in the arterial circulation of a people dwelling on the sea coast?—a something insular in the disposition of an island people (we are not, in particular, thinking of the 'snug little island')? Do we not expect an Alpine race to be good climbers, natural aspirers? that a forest race will be shy, mysterious, druidic? We must not be too hard upon Boeotians if we find them sluggish and inapt, but remember how heavy and sleep-inducing is the atmosphere that overlies their province.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

### Literature

#### Mr. Proctor on the Great Pyramid.\*

THIS book is a collection of essays which for the most part originally appeared in *Knowledge*, though they have been somewhat modified for publication in their present form. They embody the theory indicated in the title, that the Great Pyramid and, indeed, all of the pyramids, were built by the Egyptian kings, to be used as astronomical, or rather astrological, observatories during the monarch's life, and for religious ceremonies to be performed in connection with these observations, or to propitiate baleful influences indicated by the stars from time to time. After the sovereign's death, the pyramid became his tomb. In a very interesting and ingenious manner the author shows how this theory explains the principal facts of the construction: the exact orientation, the slope of the sides and passages, and many other details. On the whole, it must be admitted that he makes out a very good case, and his hypothesis is far to

be preferred to the wild theories of Smyth and his followers, who think they find in the Great Pyramid a record in masonry of scientific facts revealed to the human race directly from the Deity. A strange revelation indeed, which could not be read or understood until the facts embodied in it had been brought to light by human investigations! In the course of his work, Mr. Proctor has naturally to make frequent allusions to the 'pyramidists,' as he calls them. He always treats them courteously, but shows up their fallacies and foolish conceits very plainly. Had the book of R. Ballard (who tries to make out that the pyramids were built merely as aids to the land-measurers of ancient Egypt) appeared early enough, he would probably have given it sufficient attention to show up the absurdity of that idea. One point only seems to be rather unsatisfactorily cleared up by the author: why a separate pyramid should be necessary, or imagined to be necessary, for each succeeding sovereign. So far as known, there is nothing in astrology to call for such a multiplication of structures. Probably we must simply fall back upon that characteristic of men, great either by circumstances or their own superiority to the common herd, which makes them desirous to perpetuate their memory by structures more magnificent or immense than any before existing.

Mr. Proctor publishes in the same book a series of papers upon the origin of the week and the Sabbath. There is nothing specially new in his positions or arguments, and some of the discussions are rather prolix. In one paper he adopts and defends the generally admitted theory that the week originated as a division (one quarter) of the month, and in another he attempts to show that the Jewish Sabbath originated as the day of the planet Saturn, and that its observance in Egypt as a day to be kept without work came from the belief in the malignant character of that planet, and the consequent unluckiness of the day. Some of his remarks as to the religious observance of Sunday show a tinge of something like spitefulness; and a man of his ability and learning really ought to be above quoting as fact the 'Connecticut Blue Laws' devised by the fertile imagination of the old renegade Peters.

#### "Monte Rosa."\*

THE author of 'Monte Rosa,' we think, justifies himself in calling his work 'The Epic of an Alp.' Not that his poetry is Homeric; for it is a concentrated study—lit, if not heated, by imagination—of that nature which is the merest incidental in the *Iliad*; but its classic coldness and loftiness combined strike one as Homeric—or perhaps one might better say Miltonic—when compared either with the lyrical cry of most of the very pretty poetry of the present generation, or with the piquant grace of our *vers-de-société*, or with the passionate apotheosis of airy nothings by Swinburne or Rossetti. The author might have been that poet who replied, when asked if science would not be fatal to poetry, that he was attending chemical lectures to obtain new similes; and his poem is an exposition of the methods by which science may be made to serve as the handmaid of poetic power, as it does in the poetry of Emerson. The prevailing characteristic of the poem is a certain majesty of movement—the sense it gives of being what Matthew Arnold would call 'adequate'; and there is often a singular felicity in its epithets, as in the description of the 'many-fingered mosses' clinging to a precipice, or of the 'steep light of noon'; while sound echoes the

\*The Great Pyramid: Observatory, Tomb, and Temple. By R. A. Proctor. New York: R. Worthington.

\*Monte Rosa. By Starr H. Nichols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



sense, not only in the rugged lines that would have pleased Pope ;—

'Names thick with consonants uncouth of sound,'  
and

'The crafty frost drove his thin wedges home  
In scar and seam,'—

but in those almost Tennysonian in finish and music,—

'The soft, innumerable dash  
Of the sun-waves' foamless surf, in which the stone  
As gently broke as break the close-sealed buds  
Of dauntless violets ;'  
'As smooth as ivory with cool sunshine swept ;'  
'Neath ever-melting, never-melted snows ;'

and others equally musical ; while the whole abounds with graceful figures. The poem never fails in power, but there are half-a-dozen lines excessively faulty in rhythm. The measure is that of blank verse, whose pauses come—almost without exception—at the end of the line, giving a sombre monotony, more impressive than Browning's broken utterances, but somewhat monotonous in 150 pages. One could forgive much, however, to a poet who could give such a description of the power of the sun as that on page 6 ; or such a word-picture as that of a glacier-lake,

'whose depths untenanted  
See never minnow herding in its pools,  
Nor swift-finned pike dart on the silly dace,  
Nor painted trout surprise the gilded fly ;  
But peacefully the prisoned waters smile  
Within their sea-green bowls of carven ice,—  
Fit goblets for great Thor and Odin great  
When, wandering from dim Asgard in the North,  
They raised the hunt amid archaic hills.'

#### Mrs. Havergal's "Swiss Letters." \*

THE book before us is one which disarms criticism by the fact that its author is no longer of this world. The affection of surviving relations has induced one of them to edit and publish what the author herself speaks of as 'only a prattle of individual reminiscences, of no interest to any but amiable and affectionate friends.' The editor, on the other hand, in a prefatory note, speaks of 'the world-wide interest excited by the writings of my lamented sister' as the consideration which led to the publication. From a bit of composition given in one part of the book, it would seem that Mrs. Havergal though contributing somewhat to general periodical literature, was especially a writer for what is technically characterized as 'the religious press.' The present volume is not altogether stereotyped in that form, yet it will chiefly interest those who follow with ardor the evangelical methods of religious influence, and hope for much good to result from indiscriminate exhortation, the distribution of tracts and leaflets, and the promulgation of certain formulas of belief. Mrs. Frances Ridley Havergal seems to have been an Englishwoman of much energy, and of some jollity of temperament. She was, as we have already hinted, evangelical and literal in her religious views, zealous in talking 'atonement' and in distributing the documents which have most to say about it. She was also very fond of Swiss scenery, of mountain-climbing, of good music, and of friendly society, sometimes condescending to 'immense fun,' and on one occasion at least finding herself 'in immense clover.' Her descriptions are mostly of things which have become trite and familiar through the frequency of European travel. Yet the sketches are graphic enough, and make evident an ap-

preciation and enjoyment of nature which is a strong and happy trait in the English mind.

The language in which these various experiences are given is the most singular thing about this book. This language is the English of the most familiar talk, with no literary dress or remodelling. We give some specimens : 'It [the music] went through me.' 'I shall get quite up in comparative crops.' 'The view outside was unapproachable by any artist.' 'I could not resist a fling upon the piano.' 'I was not extra coddled' (in her childhood.) 'Being cloudy, we could not see the Oberland, as we ought to have done.' Here is a refreshing little outburst, from an elevated point in the Swiss Mountains : 'Hurrah ! seven thousand eight hundred feet high, and going to stay all the afternoon and night here ! E. and I are quite shocked at our giddy and exhilarated state of mind. Except a little undercurrent of general thanksgiving, we don't feel solemn at all.' Neither does she seem very solemn to us when she speaks of devising 'Little Pillows,' 'a book for children of twelve years,' the 'pillows' being 'a short, easily-recollected text to go to sleep upon, for each night of the month, with a page or two of simple, practical thoughts about it, such as a little girl might read every night while having her hair brushed.' This volume shows us the Englishwoman as often seen upon the continent of Europe—home-having and home-loving, full of energy and pluck, with things incongruous strangely jumbled in her mind and in her talk, curiously representative of the old barbarism and the new civilization. She is, on the whole, an honest and wholesome institution, though by no means a model of style either in writing or in dress. The verses interspersed throughout this volume are of a somewhat higher character than its prose. We have left ourselves room only for the following strophe, which concludes a poem called 'Sunset in the Mountains :

Oh ! pure and perfect whiteness !  
O mystery of brightness,  
Upon those still, majestic brows shed solemnly abroad !  
Like the calm and blessed sleeping  
Of the saints in Christ's own keeping,  
When the smile of holy peace is left, last witness for their Lord.

#### "Study and Stimulants." \*

A MOST interesting book is that which Mr. A. Arthur Reade has made up from letters addressed to him by some of the most eminent writers of the day, who take this occasion of stating to what extent they use stimulants, and what effect the use of stimulants has upon their capacity for brain-labor. The list of contributors is arranged alphabetically, so that that of Dr. Lyman Abbott heads the list ; but Dr. Abbott neither drinks nor smokes, so that his testimony is only at second-hand. The Duke of Argyll has never touched tobacco, and only of late years has used any kind of spirituous liquor, a small quantity having been prescribed as a preventive of gout. Mr. Matthew Arnold, likewise, has abstained from the use of the pernicious plant, but has made it a rule to take 'a glass or two of sherry, and some light claret, mixed with water, at a late dinner.' He believes that most young people could do as much work without wine as with it. 'Real brain-work, of itself,' he thinks, 'upsets the worker, and makes him bilious : wine will not cure this, nor will abstaining from wine prevent it.' But wine used in moderation 'seems to add to the agreeableness of life—for adults

\* *Swiss Letters and Alpine Poems.* By Frances Ridley Havergal (deceased). New York : E. P. Dutton & Co.

\* *Study and Stimulants.* Edited by A. Arthur Reade. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

at any rate—and whatever adds to the agreeableness of life adds to its resources and powers.' The late Dr. George M. Beard did not find that alcohol was as good a stimulant as coffee, tea, opium or tobacco. 'On myself,' he says, 'alcohol has rather a benumbing and stupefying effect, whatever may be the dose employed, whereas, tobacco and opium, in moderate doses, tea and especially coffee, as well as cocoa, have an effect precisely the reverse.' Coffee makes some people sleepy, but the majority of persons are made wakeful by it. Some persons are made nervous by smoking, while on others tobacco acts as a sedative and induces sleep. General Grant once told Dr. Beard that if disturbed during the night, or worried about anything so that he could not sleep, he could induce sleep by getting up and smoking, a few whiffs being sufficient. For himself, as he grew older, Dr. Beard found that alcohol, 'in reasonable doses,' began to have a stimulating effect. Paul Bert never smokes, because he is not fond of tobacco, and very seldom drinks alcoholic liquors, but takes wine at all meals, because he likes it. Prof. John Stuart Blackie never uses stimulants of any kind for intellectual work, and 'only a glass of wine during dinner, to sharpen the appetite.' Smoking he holds to be 'a vile and odious practice,' but he does not think it unhealthy unless carried to excess. The late Louis Blanc was not in the habit of taking tobacco or of drinking. Mr. George W. Childs has never used spirituous or vinous stimulants or tobacco in any form. The eminent French critic, Jules Claretie, writes: 'I do not smoke, and have never in all my life drunk as much as a single glass of alcohol. This plainly shows that I do not require any "fillip" or stimulant when at work.' And he thinks that the reason 'we have so many sickly productions in our literature, arises, probably, from the fact that our writers, perhaps, add a little alcohol to their ink, and view life through the fumes of nicotine.' Wilkie Collins says: 'When I am ill (I am suffering from gout at this very moment) tobacco is the best friend that my irritable nerves possess; when I am well, but exhausted for the time by a hard day's work, tobacco nerves and composes me.'

The late Charles Darwin drank a glass of wine daily, but believed that he would have been better without it, 'although all doctors urge me to drink wine, as I suffer much from giddiness. I have taken snuff all my life, and regret that I ever acquired the habit, which I have often tried to leave off, and have succeeded for a time. I feel sure that it is a great aid and stimulus in my work. I also daily smoke two little paper cigarettes of Turkish tobacco. This is not a stimulus, but rests me, after I have been compelled to talk with tired memory, more than anything else. I am seventy-three years old.' This letter was written on the 9th of February, 1882. Mr. Thomas A. Edison finds smoking 'pleasant, but too violent in its action; and the same remark applies to alcoholic liquors.' He is 'inclined to think that it is better for intellectual workers to perform their labors at night, as after a long experience of night work, I find my brain is in a better condition at that time, especially for experimental work, and when so engaged I almost invariably chew tobacco as a stimulant.' Dr. Edward A. Freeman, the historian, does not smoke. 'I tried once or twice when young, but finding it nasty, I did not try again.' He finds that a short sleep is as good a stimulant as he can have. 'I have drunk wine and beer, as I have eaten beef and mutton, without any theories one way or another.' Mr. Gladstone's answer comes from his son,

Mr. Herbert J. Gladstone, who begs to say that Mr. Gladstone 'drinks one glass (or two) of claret at luncheon, the same at dinner, with the addition of a glass of light port. The use of wine to this extent is especially necessary to him at the time of greatest intellectual exertion. Smoking he detests, and has always abstained from the use of very strong and fiery stimulants.' Misled by her masculine *nom-de-plume*, Mr. Reade addressed his usual questions to Henri Greville, who replies that she has had little experience of either alcohol or tobacco. Claret agrees with her constitution, when properly mixed with water. Wine without water and every kind of liquor make her very ill, especially when taken between her two meals,—breakfast at 12, and dinner at 7. One cigarette of Russian papyrus has occasionally proved beneficial in its effects. 'I lived many years in Russia,' she declares, 'and my experience is, that people who smoke too much suffer from their throats.' Emile Augier has been very ill with his stomach, from smoking too many strong cigars. He ceased, and has been completely healed.

Count Gubernatis does not smoke, because nicotine acts upon his system as a most powerful poison. Alcohol, in any quantity, he considers as dangerous. If he takes a cup of coffee at 6 o'clock in the evening, he cannot go to sleep before 6 in the morning. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton used to smoke in moderation, but six years ago he gave up smoking, as an experiment, for six months. At the end of that time, he found his health so much improved that he gave it up altogether. He never does any brain-work after dinner. 'I dine at seven and read after, but only in languages that I can read without any trouble, and about subjects that I can read without any trouble, and about subjects that are familiar to me.' Mr. Thomas Hardy has not smoked a pipe-full of tobacco in his life, nor a cigar. So far as he has observed, the use of tobacco is far from beneficial to any literary man. The effect of wine, taken as a preliminary to imaginative work, is to blind the writer to the quality of what he produces, rather than to raise the quality. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes prefers an entirely undisturbed and unclouded brain for mental work. Mr. W. D. Howells never uses tobacco except 'in a very rare self-defensive cigarette, where a great many other people are smoking; and I commonly drink water at dinner. When I take wine, I think it weakens my work and my working force the next morning.' Mr. W. E. H. Lecky is not a smoker. Sir Theodore Martin finds that to himself tobacco is simply poison, and he believes it to be so to very many who use it. But wine in moderation he is sure is beneficial to brain-workers. Mr. Augustus Mongredien, now seventy-six years of age, has smoked moderately all his life and, 'for the last fifty years, has never, except in rare and short instances of illness, retired to bed without one tumbler of whiskey-toddy.'

Mr. James Payn, the novelist, writes: 'In common with nine-tenths of my literary brethren, I am a constant smoker: I smoke the whole time I am engaged in composition (three hours per diem), and after meals, but very light tobacco.' He has no doubt that it stimulates the imagination. In the way of drink, he only takes light claret and occasionally dry champagne. Charles Reade tried to smoke, five or six times, 'but it always made me heavy and rather sick, therefore, as it is not a necessary of life, and costs money, and makes me sick, I spurned it from me. I have never felt the want of it. I have seen many people the worse for it. I have seen many people apparently none the worse for



it. I never saw anybody perceptibly the better for it.' Dr. William H. Russell has smoked tobacco and taken wine for years. He has felt comforted and sustained in his work by both, at times, and 'especially by the weed.' He is inclined to think, however, that 'tobacco and stimulants are hurtful, mostly in the case of inferior organizations of brain-physique, where their use is only a concomitant of baser indulgences, and uncontrolled by intelligence and will.' Mr. Ruskin entirely abhors the practice of smoking, in which he has never indulged. M. Jules Simon looks upon the use of tobacco 'as a practice much to be deprecated, as its tendency is to separate men from the society of women.' M. Taine drinks coffee, and has 'the bad habit of smoking cigarettes, and finds them useful between two ideas — when I have the first, but have not arrived at the second'; but he does not regard them as a necessity. Anthony Trollope had been a smoker nearly all his life, but five years before his death he found that the use of tobacco was hurting him, causing his hand to shake and producing somnolence. Professor Tyndall does not think that any rule can be laid down on the subjects of either alcohol or tobacco. In his opinion, the man is happiest who is so organized as to be able to dispense with the use of both. Ivan Tourguéneff does not smoke or drink, nor does he approve of either practice. Mark Twain has not had a long experience with alcoholic drinks. 'I have never seen the time,' he says, 'when I could write to my satisfaction after drinking even one glass of wine. As regards smoking, my testimony is of the opposite character. . . . During the first seven years of my life, I had no health—I may almost say that I lived on allopathic medicine; but since that period I have hardly known what sickness is. My health has been excellent and remains so. As I have already said, I began to smoke immoderately when I was eight years old; that is, I began with one hundred cigars a month, and by the time I was twenty, I had increased my allowance to two hundred a month. Before I was thirty I had increased it to three hundred a month. I think I do not smoke more than that now. I am quite sure I never smoke less. . . . I find cigar-smoking to be the best of all inspirations for the pen, and in my particular case no sort of detriment to the health.'

We rise from a perusal of this curious volume, confirmed in the belief that some happy persons may smoke and drink with impunity, while others, less fortunate, can use neither wine nor the weed without paying a heavy fine for the indulgence.

#### "The Hill of Stones." \*

DR. WEIR MITCHELL has found leisure to write a little book of poems which certainly have poetic value. The central thought—even the mere story—of the opening piece of blank verse is indeed a little difficult to disentangle from the words in which it is buried; but the words themselves are very picturesque, and this overlading of a poetic subject with poetry, being a Tennysonian fault, is perhaps not to be found fault with. Certain it is, that of Dr. Mitchell's work, as of Tennyson's, one remembers vividly no single poem, but passages such as these:

'And not a breeze but, rich as laden bee,  
Sailed from the garden, heavy with the freight  
Of endless music:  
'The lazy lull of noontide drowsiness,  
Where in cool caves of shadow slept the winds,  
Whilst warm and still the moveless forest lay;'

\* The Hill of Stones. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'Where gleaming statues sentinelled the path;  
'The purple globes that jewel Ischia's isle;'

'The gay salt breezes came,  
And, dipping like the swallows here and there,  
With quick cool kisses touched the startled grain.'

Some of Dr. Mitchell's sentences are indeed painfully long; we remember one of seventeen lines which it is almost impossible to read aloud; but the book is well worth reading if only for its pretty conceits. The poem on 'The Marsh' is full of thought and realism and imagery which appeal subtly even to those who may prefer Wordsworth's cooler and more classical embodiment of the same idea.

#### Minor Notices.

BISHOP DOANE'S 'Mosaics' (Dutton) is a collection of papers first published three or four years ago in *The Churchman*. They are either for the practical, devotional use of the reader, or designed to aid him in a devotional exposition of Epistle and Gospel, taken in connection with the Collects, for the use of other people. There is some good commonsense in them—for example, under the head of 'Fasting' (first Sunday in Lent),—and much proffered edification.

THE second volume to appear in 'The International Revision Commentary on the New Testament' (Scribner)—Dr. Schaff's exposition of the Gospel according to Matthew—is properly the first. Dr. Riddle's exposition of Mark having preceded it in point of time. The revised version of 1881 is at the top of the page, and beneath are compact expository notes. If any criticism were to be made on these excellent and convenient little commentaries, it might be that their plan does not involve a somewhat fuller discussion, in popular form, of the great critical questions connected with the New Testament books. Ultra-radical criticism takes pains enough to spread its views among the intelligent of every class: conservative and constructive criticism ought to do the same. Volumes on Luke and the Acts have also been issued.

'FLOTSAM AND JETSAM' is a collection of thoughts, jotted down on board a yacht, by Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles (Funk & Wagnalls). Mr. Bowles is not only a yachtsman: he is also the editor of *Vanity Fair*, the English newspaper of society, noted for its caricatures, its smart jokes, and its preposterous Toryism. Mr. Bowles is the terrible person calling himself 'John Junior,' who concludes his weekly biographies of notabilities with some entirely irrelevant phrase, as 'He wears a high hat,' 'He rides a gray mare,' 'He frequents the green-room,' and the like. His yachting reflections are better than his journalism. He has a fund of anecdote, some of it quite good. He evolves aphorisms concerning human conduct, some of them quite smart. Imagine James Boswell travelling on a pleasure-boat from Cowes to the Mediterranean, and from the Mediterranean to Cowes, and you get about the measure of Mr. Bowles and his book.

C. T. EBEN'S 'A Comparative German Primer' (Westermann) is an unpretentious little pamphlet, illustrating the affinities between German and English word-forms. It contains a good deal to interest even an advanced student of either language, who has not yet become a philologist. The relation of corresponding words would in many cases become clearer if references to other languages of the family had been more freely made—of course always with the danger of getting beyond the depth of those whom the author had, as it would seem, chiefly in mind. As it is, it may well serve as a stimulant to a more intimate acquaintance with the rich group of languages to which our own belongs. There is one sentence in the introduction which, in the light of modern studies in English history, needs to be considerably modified: 'The conquest of England by the Normans in the year 1066, which made an end to Anglo-Saxon rule, came very near exterminating the Saxon tongue and making French the universal speech of the British Isles.'

#### The April Magazines.

THE April *Harper's* was well worth waiting for. It comes late, but it comes heavily freighted with readable articles. There is not a paper in the number that one would care to 'skip.' There is one, however, which will attract particular attention, and that is 'The Heir-Presumptive to the Imperial Crown of Mexico,' by Mr. John Bigelow. This is really a chapter of secret history, and

was learned by Mr. Bigelow during his residence in Paris as United States Minister. The story is as interesting to the general reader as it will prove to the surviving adherents of Iturbide.—The 'Drawer' of *Harper's* is conducted this month by its earliest editor, Dr. S. I. Prime.

Mr. E. C. Stedman's long promised paper on Emerson appears in the April number of *The Century*. Mr. Stedman begins by asking if anything new can be said of Emerson, and replies that one new thing at least can be said, which is, that all his verse shows that 'the method of the poet not only is not one with that of the philosopher, but is in fact directly opposed to it. The poet, as an artist, does not move in the direction which was Emerson's by instinct and selection.' Mr. John Burroughs writes of his trip across the Atlantic, in an impressive paper called 'At Sea.' The popular papers of the number are on 'The Capitol at Washington,' by Ben. Perley Poore, 'Visiting the Gypsies,' by Charles G. Leland, and 'The Passion Play at Oberammergau,' by H. H. The new volume of *The Century* will begin with the May number.

Mr. Warner, writing in *The Atlantic* has very little to say in favor of 'Modern Fiction.' The gist of his essay—which contains some admirable comments on Cervantes, Hawthorne, Scott and Thackeray—lies in the closing paragraph, which runs as follows: 'We are speaking of the tendency of recent fiction, very much the same everywhere that novels are written, which we have imperfectly sketched. It is probably of no more use to protest against it than it is to protest against the vulgar realism in pictorial art, which holds ugliness and beauty in equal esteem; or against aestheticism gone to seed in languid affectations; or against the enthusiasm of a social life which wrecks its religion on the color of a vestment, or sighs out its divine soul over an ancient pewter mug. Most of our fiction, in its extreme analysis, introspection and self-consciousness, in its devotion to details, in its disregard of the ideal, in its selection as well as in its treatment of nature, is simply of a piece with a good deal else that passes for genuine art. Much of it is admirable in workmanship, and exhibits a cleverness in details and a subtlety in the observation of traits which many great novels lack. But I should be sorry to think that the historian will judge our social life by it, and I doubt not that most of us are ready for a more ideal, that is to say a more artistic, view of our performances in this bright and pathetic world.'—The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze is an article to which the reader of literary tastes will turn, after he has read Dr. Holmes's delightful disquisition on 'The Anatomy of Melancholy'; and he will not be surprised to hear Mr. Richard Grant White declare that 'it is as certain that William Shakespeare wrote (after the theatrical fashion and under the theatrical conditions of his day) the plays which bear his name, as it is that Francis Bacon wrote the "Novum Organum," the "Advancement of Learning," and the "Essays."—It is a capital number of *The Atlantic*,—of which there have been several capital numbers, within the past few months.

The most 'timely' articles in *The North American* are those on divorce, one of which is signed by the Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, and the other by Judge John A. Jameson, of Chicago. Dr. Woolsey holds that to grant separations without leave of remarriage is not so disastrous to family life as to grant divorces. 'Such separations may be granted for gross violations of matrimonial duties without coming into conflict with the feeling or faith of the great majority of Christian believers. But to grant divorce except for adultery does come into conflict with the faith and discipline of large bodies of Christians. This is a very serious evil. It holds out relief which multitudes are taught to believe to be unlawful. It destroys the dread which breaking up and reconstituting families is fitted to excite. If it tempts to commit the most serious crime in order to obtain a relief which could not otherwise be obtained, there are or can be laws which will make such a step costly to one who takes it.' Judge Jameson believes that the most effective remedy for the evil of divorce with which the American people is afflicted will be 'the elevation of public sentiment in regard to the sanctity of marriage; not sanctity in the ecclesiastical sense, which makes of it a sacrament, but in that of the highest social obligation that can bind the conscience of a man of honor and honesty—the obligation to keep the faith he pledged in marriage to his wife and to the state, and which he renews upon the birth of each of his children, to abide with her until death, unless separated by law for strictly necessary causes.'—President James C. Welling's paper on 'Race-Education' is

confined to a discussion of the subject in its relation to the Negro in the United States. It will be time enough, the writer thinks, to discuss the education of the Chinese when the Chinaman shall again be freely allowed to come among us. And as for the Indian, 'he has not yet been fully implicated in our labor-system, in our polity, or in our politics.' President Welling conceives that the first step toward the race-education of the Indians will not be taken 'until all the Indians, in common with those already enrolled as United States citizens, shall be made the responsible subjects of civil government, instead of being "corraled," as some of them are, in Government reservations, to be there alternately gossiped by the missionary, and beguiled by the Indian agent; or, instead of being allowed, as some of them are, to run wild in their native hunting-grounds and mountain fastnesses, to be there baited by the casual rifle of the frontiersman, when they are not hunted to death in the more systematic foray of an "Indian campaign." The education of a few Indians at Hampton and Carlisle, while this system lasts, will be a waste of new cloth and new wine.'—In the same number of the *Review*, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby applies his energies to a consideration of 'The Dangerous Classes,'—not the railroad strikers, or demagogues of the Dennis Kearney type, but the 'units of vast money-power.' 'The danger which threatens the uprooting of society, the demolition of civil institutions, the destruction of liberty and the desolation of all—is that which comes from the rich and powerful classes in the community. What we have to fear is the encroachments of these influential elements upon the rights of the people, until, under a sense of oppression, the people, who are naturally timid and slow to act in organization, are forced into united resistance, which necessarily (from the constitution of the masses) becomes destructive to civilization and social well-being. Mere demagogues, even with socialistic or nihilistic ravings, are of no avail with the masses, unless a real grievance of a formidable sort supports them.'—The last article in the number is an essay on 'Criticism and Christianity,' in the concluding paragraph of which, Mr. O. B. Frothingham thus states his faith in the staying-power of Christianity: 'That Christianity will fall under the assaults of criticism is extremely improbable. That it will fall from any cause is extremely improbable—nay, is quite impossible and out of the question. Criticism may, in the end, prove a good friend to it by removing the excrescences that cloud its radiance and disfigure its beauty. The danger, if danger there be, is likely to come from its defenders who are ignorant of the use of their own weapons, and, like the passionate Peter of the Gospel, draw a sword, fetch a mighty blow, and succeed in cutting off the ear of a servant. The Master has but to appear, and his enemies sink to the ground.'

#### Mr. Cable's Lectures in Baltimore.

GEORGE W. CABLE, the novelist, has been giving a course of lectures on the Relations of Literature to Modern Society before the Johns Hopkins University. At their close, by request of the President, he devoted an hour to the reading of extracts from 'Old Creole Days' and the 'Grandissimes,' before a crowded assembly made up of college-professors and students, and some of the most cultivated ladies and gentlemen of Baltimore. His lectures had been of a serious philosophical cast, good and sensible, but affording no opportunity for the manifestation of his particular characteristics. On the other hand, in the interpretation of his own writings, he was 'every inch a king.' He selected a scene from 'Posson Jones,' where Colossus of Rhodes and Jules are conspicuous, and made his audience merry with his vivid portrayal of these two persons; and then from the 'Grandissimes' he selected that ghastly and pitiful story of Bras Coupé's death, and afterward that admirable scene in which Raoul Innerarity presents himself and his painting to Frowenfeld. The author's exact reproduction of the various dialects with which he has made us familiar, his simple, unaffected and yet truly dramatic gestures, his pithy illustrative sentences, and his own keen enjoyment of the scenes he was portraying, were delightful. He was as natural, modest, and free as if he were talking upon his own balcony to



a company of familiar friends. Occasionally he turned to the blackboard in order to show by a diagram the site of the places referred to. His comments on the historical and actual Creole society were so appreciative and commendatory that the most sensitive Creole could not take offense at his photographic pictures. Indeed, the charm of the entertainment was the tone of verity which pervaded it,—the truth of the portraiture and the truth of the enunciation. Besides that, there was wit and poetry, pathos and history.

After Mr. Cable's readings were concluded, a company of the friends of the late Sidney Lanier assembled to see the mural tablet which is about to be placed in the Hall where his lectures on the History of the Novel (which Messrs Scribner are about to issue in book-form) and on English Metre were delivered. On a marble slab, a brass plate bears this inscription :

*Aspiro dum Exspiro*

SIDNEY LANIER

POET.

*Lectured here on Literature, 1879-1881.*

Mr. J. R. Tait, the painter, read a graceful tribute to the memory of his friend ; Mr. Cable added a few words of sympathetic eulogy ; and Prof. E. G. Daves read a letter of Lanier's written in 1874, which showed his lofty aspirations while surrounded by adversity. President Gilman stated that a sum of more than \$6000 had been contributed by Lanier's friends as a token of their regard, and set apart for his widow and children. The tablet was the additional tribute of a few of his nearest friends in Baltimore.

### Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A PURE, sweet spirit, generous and large  
Was thine, dear Poet. Calm, unturbulent,  
Its course along Life's varying ways it went  
Like some broad river on whose happy marge  
Are noble groves, lawns, towns,—which takes the charge  
Of peaceful freights from inward regions sent  
For human use and help and heart's content,—  
And bears Love's sunlit sails, and Beauty's barge.

So brimming, deepening ever to the sea,  
Through gloom and sun, reflecting inwardly  
The ever-changing heavens of day and night,  
Thy life flowed on, from all low passions free,  
Filled with high thoughts, charmed into Poesy,  
To all the world a solace and delight.

March 24, 1882.

W. W. S.

### Richard Henry Dana.

A NOBLE nature, high in purpose, strong  
And bold, if need there were, to stand, to fight  
For Duty, for Humanity, for Right,  
And hating only what was base and wrong—  
Such was thine, Dana,—nor did less belong  
To thee high manners, cultured powers, the light  
Of genial humor, and a soul upright,  
Too proud to stoop or sue with flattering tongue.

Friend of my youth, and manhood's early prime  
When eager first we started in Life's race—  
Friend of my later days when Life and Time  
Gallop along with swift-increasing pace—  
For thee the goal is reached, the prize is won,  
And the world cries at last—too late—'Well done !'

ROME, Jan. 6, 1882.

W. W. S.

## The Critic

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1883.

IN view of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington Irving, which falls on Tuesday, April 3, the next number of THE CRITIC—issued March 31—will contain tributes to the great humorist from a number of eminent writers, especially qualified by knowledge and sympathy to make his works their theme. Mr. George William Curtis will write of Irving's creation of the Knickerbocker, Mr. S. H. Gay will treat of Irving the Historian, Dr. O. W. Holmes and Mr. C. D. Warner will touch upon his humor, Mr. Jas. Herbert Morse will tell again the story of his life, and there will be an Irving bibliography, and a short unpublished letter from Irving to a club that had named itself in his honor. Contributions from Mr. Donald G. Mitchell and Mr. Dion Bouicault are also counted upon, to add to the interest of the number.

The next issue in Appleton's Home Books will be 'The Home Library,' by Arthur Penn. It is a practical book, full of hints and suggestions. It will be fully illustrated.

Björnsterne Björnson, having spent the last three years in political agitation, has again found time to be a poet. He has just finished two new dramas, and, although he has forsworn novel-writing, is hard at work on a volume of prose-fiction.

A duodecimo edition of the Autobiography of James Nasmyth, edited by Samuel Smiles, is issued by Harper & Bros., who recently published the book in their Franklin Square Library.

The library of the late Dr. David King, of Newport, containing over 3000 titles, will be sold at auction by Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., beginning March 26. Messrs. Bangs & Co. will sell, beginning on April 2, the library of the late Charles I. Bushnell. This is distinctively a library of Americana, though it numbers a large collection of extra-illustrated books.

The current *Catholic World* has a number of articles of literary interest, including an appreciative paper on John Howard Payne, by A. J. Faust (who rates the literary value of 'Home, Sweet Home' too high), and another on 'French Canadian Men-of-Letters,' by Anna T. Sadlier, a pleasant introduction to a group of men little known on this side of the border.

'The Modern Novel' was discussed before the Nineteenth Century Club last Tuesday night, by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. J. B. Matthews, Mr. W. H. Bishop, and others; and a rhyming essay on the subject, from the pen of Mr. Edgar Fawcett, was read by President Palmer.

Prof. A. S. Hardy, of Dartmouth, will follow up his recent work on 'Quaternions' with a novel, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish.

Algernon Sydney Logan, author of 'The Mirror of a Mind,' has in press with J. B. Lippincott & Co. a poetical drama entitled 'Saul.' Another volume of poetry announced by the same house is 'The Calumet of the Coteau, and other Legends of the Border,' by P. W. Norris, late Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett played Boker's 'Francesca da Rimini' to crowded houses in Philadelphia last week. The play has been recast so as to concentrate the sympathy of the audience upon the deformed Lanciotto, who is now the single noble figure in the play. On Friday, both actor and author were called out for a speech. Mr. Barrett made a few happy remarks in which he modestly threw the entire credit of the play's success upon the author. Mr. Boker was less certain as to whose was the merit, for though he commenced by ascribing it all to Mr. Barrett, he concluded with a hope that the verdict of his own generation upon the play might be ratified by posterity.

*De Portefeuille* is a weekly Dutch paper, devoted to art and literary criticism. The issue for February 24th, contains an interesting, though somewhat dithyrambic, article on Victor Hugo, apropos of his 81st birthday; also a 'resuscitation' of a forgotten sketch-painter, named Pieter Claesz, by Prof. A.-J. Wauters; a sketch of the life of the Italian patriot and writer (greater, as we venture to think, in the former capacity than in the latter) Cesare Cantù; a note on the epitaph of John Keats; a severe criticism of Prof. Du Bois Reymond's utterances concerning Goethe, at his recent installation as Rector Magnificus of the University of Berlin; and a number of discriminating and well-written reviews. The column of literary news is particularly full and fresh, and shows that the editor has his eyes and his scissors turned toward all the four corners of the world.

The frontispiece of the May number of *The Century* will be a portrait of Cardinal Manning, which will be accompanied by an article by Mr. Kegan Paul, who wrote the admirable paper on Cardinal Newman which appeared in a recent number of the same magazine.

'Mosaics of Bible History: The Bible Record, with Illustrative Poetic and Prose Selections from Standard Literature,' by Marcius and Robert P. Willson, in two volumes, will be published by Harper & Bros., before long.

The ladies of the New York Bible and Fruit Mission have started a little paper with the appropriate name of *Lights and Shadows*. The first number has just appeared. It is neatly printed, and the contributions will prove interesting to all persons engaged in charitable work. The subscription-price is \$1 a year, and subscriptions should be sent to Mrs. F. Fairthorne, 416 East Twenty-sixth Street, New York.

The advance-sheets, electrotypes of cuts, transfers of maps, etc., of 'The Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither,' by Isabella Bird Bishop, are on their way from London to G. P. Putnam's Sons. The book will be an octavo volume, as large as one of the volumes of 'Unbeaten Tracks in Japan.'

A third edition of the Imperial Dictionary has been cabled for.

Scribner & Welford are the importers of a new book on Mexico, by Thomas Unett Brocklehurst, the comprehensive title of which is 'Mexico To-Day: A Country with a great Future. With a Glance at the Prehistoric Remains and Antiquities of the Montezumas.' The book is made up of extracts from a journal kept during a residence of seven months in the City of Mexico, 'with notes on excursions to neighboring cities.' Numerous colored illustrations enliven its pages.

'Ice Pack and Tundra' is to be issued in England by arrangement with Messrs Scribner.

The reissue of Dr. S. Wells Williams's 'The Middle Kingdom,' which has been announced by Charles Scribner's Sons, will be practically a new book. An important feature of the new edition will be a large map of the Chinese Empire, complete and accurate.

A Department of Philosophy is to be established at Princeton, it is said, in accordance with a suggestion of President McCosh, and with him at its head. This, of course, would mean Dr. McCosh's retirement from the Presidency.

'In the Shadow of the Pyrenees,' by the Rev. Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons. The volume gives an account of two visits in and about the Pyrenees region, on both the Spanish and the French side of the mountains. It will be issued in duodecimo form, with etchings by R. Swain Gifford, J. D. Smillie and Dr. Leroy M. Yale.

Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Helen of Troy' has gone into a second edition.

During Salvini's recent engagement in this city, as previously noted in these columns, Mr. J. W. Alexander made a sketch of him, from life, in the role of Lear, which will appear in the May *Century*. Miss Emma Lazarus has written a paper on Signor Salvini which will accompany it, and which, besides expressing her own views, will reflect Salvini's conception of this one character.

Many of our readers will be interested in the following brief sketch of the career of Mr. John B. McMaster, whose 'History of the People of the United States' is just now attracting much attention. Mr. McMaster was born at Brooklyn, L. I., June 29th, 1852. His grandfather was Robert Bach, a prominent Brooklyn merchant in the days when that city numbered 16,000 souls. His father was James McMaster a native of New York State and, till the war opened, a banker and planter at New Orleans. Mr. McMaster's early years were spent in New York. Here he was educated in the public schools, and graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1872. For a year he taught English Grammar in that institution as a Fellow, but in 1873 he set out to become a civil engineer, spent some time in Virginia and Chicago, and when the panic came on, returned to New York to go on with the History, for which materials had been collecting since 1870. Some reviews have attributed to him the works of the late John Richard Green as a model. But the plan of the first volume of the 'History of the People of the United States' as it now exists was drawn in 1871, and much of the material arranged when, in 1874, Mr. Green's first volume appeared. As the book now stands, it

has been twice written entirely from end to end, and some of the chapters from three to eight times, as the acquisition of new material seemed to require. In 1877, Mr. McMaster was appointed Instructor in Civil Engineering at Princeton College.

MR JOHN MORLEY, editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* and *Macmillan's Magazine*, and author of 'Edmund Burke' (1867), 'Critical Miscellanies' (1871-77), 'Voltaire' (1872), 'On Compromise' (1874), and 'Diderot and the Encyclopædists' (1878), and of the Life of Burke, in the English-Men-of Letters Series, of which he is the editor, has just entered Parliament, from Newcastle, as a Radical. It is to be hoped that his devotion to politics will not be so exclusive as to compel the relinquishment of any of his literary or journalistic engagements.

WE are glad to see that the bill designed for the preservation of the natural beauties of Niagara Falls has passed the State Assembly, and is about to go before the Senate. It can hardly be that the higher, and presumably the more intelligent of the two legislative bodies, will discredit a measure which has the approval of all cultivated and patriotic people throughout the land. Let the question, whether or no Niagara is to be given over to grasping monopolists, or reserved for the uses of the whole people, be answered in such a way that it shall never be raised again.

AT the breakfast given to the distinguished German actor, Herr Ludwig Barnay, at Delmonico's, on Monday last, Mr. Harry Edwards urged that steps be taken to establish in New York a National Dramatic Library, and a committee was appointed to make a beginning. It consists of Mr. Edwards, Mr. J. Brander Matthews, Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. A. S. Sullivan and Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice. Before the gathering broke up, subscriptions were received to the amount of nearly \$1000. A dramatic library has long been needed in this city, and its establishment will be a pleasant memento of Herr Barnay's visit.

IN the April number of *The Century*, Mrs. Burnett's novel is finished, and in the May number Mr. J. C. Harris's two-part novelette begins. It will be followed by the anonymous serial, 'The Bread-Winners.' In *The Atlantic*, Mr. James's dramatized 'Daisy Miller' has just begun, and serials by Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Marion Crawford will begin shortly. In *Harper's*, Miss Woolson's 'For the Major' ends in the April number, and the anonymous novel, 'A Castle in Spain,' begins in May. In *The Continent*, Mr. Boyesen's 'The Horns of a Dilemma' is promised. Thus the English novel disappears from the American magazine.

H. H., it seems, has not been 'empowered to act in behalf of certain ill-treated Indians in the southern part of California,' but is merely commissioned to make a report to the Interior Department on the general subject of the mission Indians in that state,—their present condition, and the best means of providing them with lands in such a way that they can never be dispossessed. It is to be hoped that her report, if submitted to Congress in connection with a bill asking for an appropriation for buying lands for these wronged aborigines, will be so convincing as to secure the passage of the bill. A whole village-full of mission Indians, numbering nearly 200 souls, are about to be ejected from a tract of land which they have cultivated for nearly 100 years. The 700 acres which they occupy are worth \$35,000, and the whole valley in which their village lies has been patented to a colony. Unfortunately, the Indians have never had a title to the land in any sense which our land-laws recognize. Mr. Abbot Kinney, of San Gabriel, is associated with H. H. in the commission.

THE last two fortnightly numbers of the *Nuova Antologia* (Rome) are peculiarly rich and varied in their matter. Most noticeable of all is an article on Richard Wagner, by Signor F. d'Arcais. It is a presentment of the Italian view of the composer, not denying his genius, not depreciating his work, but showing that any man clogged with a theory or a musical system, like Wagner, could not paint nature and humanity with anything approaching to fidelity. Signor T. Galanti contributes a remarkable paper, contrasting American with Italian agriculture, much to the disadvantage of the latter. For historical articles, Signor Greppi follows Alessandro Malaspina to the Court of Spain in



the XVIIIth century, and Signor Morandi goes with Baretto to London at a similar period. A study of Oliver Cromwell, a discussion of the results of the Fine Arts Exhibition, a tractate on socialism, an exposition of the work of Italians in Abyssinia, a scientific analysis of Polar ice, a story 'La Sirena,' and the usual departments of literature, politics, and finance, make up the budget of this excellent review.

WE have received the first three numbers of *The Folk-Lore Journal*, a monthly publication of The Folk-Lore Society, which sprang into existence at the beginning of the present year. It is a neat little pamphlet, with a conventional yellow cover, containing thirty-two pages of reading-matter of a character calculated to delight the antiquarian whose studies run in this particular direction. The parts before us treat learnedly of 'The Oratory, Songs, Legends and Folk-Tales of the Malagasy,' Scottish fairy-stories, Babylonian folk-lore, 'A Building Superstition'—namely, 'that, to give stability to new constructions, a human being should be sacrificed and buried in the foundations,'—'The Hare in Folk-Lore,' and 'Irish Folk-Tales.' There is, furthermore, a bibliography of folk-lore publications in English, and, in every number, a budget of notes, queries, notices and news.

CONGRESS should take warning by the fate of the Lenox Library, and not make its literary treasures inaccessible to the public. The Lenox is housed in a fine building; the Congressional Library, on the other hand, is well supplied with books, but has no home of its own, and its books and manuscripts are hidden in damp, dark cellars. Congress seems disposed to increase its stores, and has set aside this year an extra appropriation of \$20,000 for the purchase of the military papers, etc., of the Count de Rochambeau, and \$8000 for the purchase of some important records and briefs belonging to the estate of the late Senator Carpenter. But of what avail is this gathering together of rich material, if it is only for burial? Books are not toads: they need light, and air and human companionship; else they get grimy, their covers take on mildew, or their backs crack and their stitches break.—Mr. Frederick Billings, of Woodstock, Vt., who purchased the library of the late George P. Marsh for \$15,000, and presented it to the University of Vermont, has now given \$75,000 for the erection of a building to house it properly. The University is to be congratulated, not only upon having this excellent collection of books given it, but upon having it made available. In this respect it is better off than either the Library of Congress or the Lenox Library.

### Science

#### "Lexique de la Langue Iroquoise." \*

THE Mohawk language has been the subject of several scientific works, the latest of which, Rev. J. A. Cuog's 'Lexique de la Langue Iroquoise' has just come to hand. The author of this dictionary of 215 pages octavo is quite familiar with the dialect of which he treats, for he has passed many years of his industrious life among the Indians settled around Montreal, Canada, ministering to their spiritual welfare as a Roman Catholic missionary. By the Caughnawaga Indians, nine miles south-west of Montreal, he is called 'The Fixed Star'—Orakwanentahon. The number of vocables given in the 'Lexique' amounts to about 6000. They are disposed in four parts, or sections, as follows: Iroquois 'roots,' with supplement; derivatives and compound terms; supplementary notes; appendices. Cuog's useful collection of Iroquois words shows a great progress in the mode of phonetic transcription, when compared with the old vocabularies contained in Schoolcraft and Morgan, and in Gallatin's Synopsis, all of which generally employ the preposterous and wholly unscientific English orthography; but even our French author fails to mark some of the sounds composing the Iroquois alphabet, like *ẽ* (the French *e* mute), *ä*, *g*, *x*, *ö*, *d*, *y*, the laryngeal sound marked *8* by

\* Lexique de la Langue Iroquoise. Par J. A. Cuog, Prêtre de St. Sulpice. Montreal: J. Chapleau et Fils.

other Mohawk linguists and the six nasalized vowels; distinction is made between the long vowels and those of common length in a very few terms only, and the emphasized syllable is not marked as such. People who are not in a certain degree conversant with Mohawk will find it rather troublesome to search for a word in all the four sections of the volume, when they could have been brought together in one alphabetic series. The book gives only the Caughnawaga dialect of Mohawk, and we fail to see why this particular dialect is called Iroquois by the author, for Oneida and Seneca are Iroquois as well. In the supplements and appendices the ethnologic remarks and interpretations of proper names of persons and localities are of great interest. Another opuscle of the author, dealing with these same objects, and entitled 'mélanges,' is said to be in preparation.

### The Study of Science.

PRESIDENT GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins, read a paper on 'The Idea of the American College,' before the Yale Alumni Association, last week. The progress of science, he said, had forced upon colleges eclectic courses. The colleges of this country have never been averse to the introduction of the study of the physical sciences, but they have rarely been willing to admit that a scientific education is as good as one chiefly classical. It is held here that three languages besides Latin and Greek are necessary to a liberal education. Science is taught too much as a matter of general knowledge. A liberal education requires rather an acquaintance with scientific methods, and this may be acquired by constant devotion to one great department of science, such as geology or astronomy. A man who has acquired this will reverence science, and not fear its advance. But above all science and literature, in importance, stands philosophy. It would be interesting to compare President Gilman's address with that recently delivered by Prof. Huxley, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes at the Liverpool Institute. According to the report of that lecture in *Nature*, Prof. Huxley began by referring to certain propositions which he had laid down in an address, delivered in Liverpool fourteen years ago, as to the practical value of instruction in physical science, its superiority to any other study as a mental discipline, and the certainty that, in the future, physical science would occupy a much larger share in the time allotted to teaching than had been the case previously. He laid special stress, however, upon the fact that he was no advocate of the exclusion of other forms of culture from education, but, on the contrary, held that it would be a serious mistake to cripple them for the sake of science. He had no sympathy with the sect or horde of scientific Goths or Vandals, who think that it would be proper and desirable to sweep away all other forms of culture and instruction except those in physical science.

### Scientific Notes.

Two weeks ago, the publishers of *Science* announced that they would publish in their issue of yesterday a list of the subscribers to that review, whose number, it was stated, was already 1500. We congratulate our contemporary on this good beginning.

Mr. Charles Barnard retires from the editorship of *The World's Work* in *The Century* with the current number, as the department—to which he has been the sole contributor for eight years—is to be given up. He will devote his time to fiction, and articles for the young.

'The History of the Science of Politics,' by Frederick Pollock, has been added to the Humboldt Library. The last previous issue in this series was 'Discussions in Science.'

## The Fine Arts

### Art in the Magazines.

To speak generally, the engraving in our two illustrated magazines, the *Century* and *Harper's*, for the month of April, is up to the usual average. But this does not say all that should be said. Everybody knows that the 'usual average' of our engravers' work is a very high one; but it has also been remarked by many that they do not as a class seem to be content with maintaining it—that they show a strong desire to progress still further. The first question one asks himself therefore on opening a new number of either of our leading magazines is not whether the pictures are good, but whether a distinct advance has been made. To this, in the present instance, the answer is both 'yes' and 'no.'

We all know, by this time, what the task is that our engravers have taken upon themselves. They have undertaken, by pushing the imitative side of their art to perfection, to give adequate representations of original works of art of other kinds; to give, as nearly as possible, fac-similes on a reduced scale, usually, of pencil drawings, charcoal drawings, distemper drawings, etc., etc. The effort has been to distinguish the kind of drawing, to show wherein a sketch in charcoal differed from one in oil paint, for instance, rather than to do justice to the expressiveness of the original. The material has been made more of than the subject. There has been a real need for this sort of thing. Numbers of people who have never seen a good etching or a water-color sketch in black and white or a good drawing in chalks have probably acquired a very fair notion of the differences between these methods from the engravings of the last ten years.

But this line of work has attained its end and a reaction has set in. Most of the work now done in what has been called the new style is purely mechanical, without a motive, and bad enough to almost justify Mr. Linton's spleen. Several engravers keep on turning out wonderful work in the way of rendering tints and values—we need only instance the Dutch Market Woman cut by Tinkey in *Harper's* and the portrait of Emerson by Cole in *The Century*. But even better work than this has been done before. The same may be said of the fac-similes of etchings and pen-drawings in the two magazines. The one note of progress is given by the full page cut by Kingsley in *The Century*. This is a sea-scape apparently done from a photograph from nature on the block. It is hopeful, not because of what has been accomplished in it, but because the attempt is one in the right direction. Mr. Kingsley is trying to make wood-engraving, once more, a means of expression at first hand. There is nothing else left for it to be. It is very desirable that he shall persevere and that he shall shortly gain comrades in this new course, for otherwise the art can only take a turn backward.

Mr. Kingsley has found it to serve his purpose to make great use of bold and apparent line work. Some of his tints are even coarse when compared with those in other cuts in the same magazine. It may be noticed, too, that the best of the fac-simile work is copied from line work. In Mr. Alfred Parson's article in *Harper's* the first illustration copied from a drawing in India ink is only moderately successful in giving the characters of the linden and the Chinese cypress which wefe, no doubt, very well done in the drawing. The 'Oak-Leaved Hydrangea' and the 'Weeping-Larch,' copied from point work are, however, very satisfactory. The best work ever done by the graver in direct imitation of

brushwork falls far behind its original, while copies of pen-and-ink drawings and drawings done by the same means with the addition of a wash have in some cases, when the drawing was made by the engraver, been superior. Mr. Kingsley's example is, therefore, doubly good. He is not only right in matter, but in manner also. The imitation school of wood-engraving has been of great service to magazine readers in giving them some conception of the aims and methods of less well-known arts, and it has invented some new modes of handling the graver which should not be forgotten; but the future of the art lies in the direction of free rendition of nature, or a picture without the intervention of an engraver's draughtsman.

Apart from all question of engraving, there are many fine drawings in the present numbers of the two monthlies. Among the best are 'John Randolph,' by Birch, and the 'Falconer,' by Fromentin, in *The Century*; 'The Sussex Inn,' by Reinhart, the coast of the 'North Sea' by Boughton, and an illustration by Dielman, in *Harper's*.

### The Park Commissioners and the Farragut Monument.

WHAT is the secret of the attitude of the Park Commissioners toward the Farragut monument in Madison Square? When the statue of the doughty Admiral was unveiled, it was understood that the people were to have free access to it,—that the sculptor desired, and the Commissioners had consented, that little children should be allowed to play around the monument, and children of a larger growth (barring tramps) to sit in the crescent seat that skirts its base. But no sooner was the thing fairly placed than the surrounding earth was covered with a fresh layer of turf, and a warning to trespassers displayed. Some months ago, however, a broad path was marked out from the sidewalk in Fifth Avenue, and it was hoped that the Commissioners had reconsidered their action, and were about to make amends for it. Vain hope! The broad path has not been covered again with sods, but it has lain ever since under a coating of rough stones, which no one who has suffered from a sprained ankle would ever attempt to traverse, and which is a far more effectual barrier to trespassers than would be any number of requests to 'Keep off the Grass.' Now, what can be the Commissioners' objection to letting people get within reach of this noble work of art? Some time ago, an erroneous date in the inscription on the pedestal was pointed out in these columns; but the error was promptly rectified, and we know of no other flaw in what is, without doubt, the finest monument in the keeping of the Park Commissioners. What is it, then, that prompts their present attitude toward this masterpiece? Is it an æsthetic aversion to robbing the work of the enchantment which distance lends to the view? Is it the fear of vandalism? Or is it merely official churlishness?

### Art Note.

THE most striking feature of *The Magazine of Art* is Mr. Sidney Colvin's paper on 'Rossetti as a Painter,' with the accompanying illustrations. Those who are unfamiliar with the late Mr. Rossetti's peculiar style will find an opportunity to study it here in all its stages, as illustrated in slight sketches and fully elaborated pictures. The frontispiece is a bold engraving of his 'Il Ramoscello.'

### The Drama

WINSOME Madame Théo has come back to us. To chronicle her performances at the Casino the review should take the form of a madrigal, a ballade of the XVIIIth century, all musk, and ambergris and sweetly-scented compliment. Who shall describe her charm,



half child, half woman, with just enough of womanhood in her childishness, and just enough of childhood in her womanliness, to place the senses under the spell of something absolutely new upon the stage. Ladies sit amazed. 'Why, she's just a cunning little thing, what else?' The men sit bewitched, delighted, wholly unable to analyze the secret of their emotion.

In the history of French operetta, which M. Francisque Sarcey has been writing, the erudite critic of the *Temps* omits to dwell on the significant fact that this is the only theatrical genre which is altogether dependent on the personality of actor, author, or composer. Mme. Théo's representations call attention to the omission. While she continues to bill and coo, to utter her queer little cuckoo-notes, the three or four plays in which she appears will live. When she ceases to sing, they will utterly perish. It was so with Schneider. When she appeared in 'La Belle Hélène,' all the potentates of Europe crowded the boxes, all the dandies in Paris split their gloves with applause. When Judic, an infinitely better actress, took up the same part, the theatre was deserted. It will be so with Judic, too. Who, after her, will dare to play 'Lili,' 'Niniche,' and 'Mam'zelle Nitouche'?

Here, we fancy, is the explanation of a mystery which is puzzling our theatrical managers. Why, they demand, is French comic opera declining? Why is it such a risky experiment to borrow a 'Heart and Hand' from the repertory of Lecocq, a 'Rip Van Winkle' from that of Planquette? The answer is that neither Lecocq nor Planquette is a musician of the least individuality. Each made a success at the opening of his career: one in 'La Mère Angot,' where his music clothed a wonderfully natural libretto like the sugar of a wedding-cake; the other in 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' where the melodies tripped so gayly along that the operetta seemed a village dance or roundelay. But neither was made of the stuff of Offenbach. When 'Orphée aux Enfers' was produced, men knew that a power had arisen upon the stage, and even in his latter days the most trifling works that Offenbach wrote were better than the most elaborate of Hervé and Lecocq.

What Offenbach was among light composers, MM. Meilhac and Halévy were among light librettists. Except in his opening piece Offenbach never won a distinguished triumph when they withdrew their aid from him. Playwrights of all sorts came to his assistance; witty Albert Millaud of the *Figaro*; old stage-workers like Chivot and Duru; still older veterans like Hector Crémieux. They had not the right quality. The satire of Meilhac and Halévy, though not very deep and not very true, was exactly the sort of satire which operetta demanded. The 'Grande Duchesse' was reputed to have shaken Queen Isabella's throne. All that remained of the study of Greek in French schools was laughed away by 'La Belle Hélène,' and every political rogue winced in his seat as he viewed the episode of the secretary and the robber in 'Les Brigands.'

Singly the trio who wrote 'La Grande Duchesse' were of no great account. United they were irresistible. Singly Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are near the end of their tether; one losing himself in dry conceits, the other running to weak sentimentality. United they can easily vanquish Messrs. Stephens and Solomon and all their myrmidons. Personality is everything. Following Mme. Théo through all her plays one readily sees that it is she, not her authors, who have found the philosopher's stone of operetta. 'Mme. L'Archiduc,' for example, is the work of M. Albert Millaud whose jour-

nalistic humor is far more genial and abundant than that of MM. Meilhac and Halévy. He chooses a theme which is full of satirical opportunities. He presents the eccentric ruler of a small German principality, at whose gates stands an inn for the reception of conspirators. It is always full. The ministers of to-day are the conspirators of to-morrow, and whenever the Archduke is in need of a new cabinet he sends for the lodgers in the inn. At length, being smitten with the charms of a country maiden, he abdicates in her favor, retires to the hostelry, and there conspires against the ruler whom he had raised to power. Grotesque and extravagant as it is, there is yet in the piece the material of a good political pasquinade. But the author had not learned the secret of his trade, and the piece evaporates in futile jesting.

Outside of Mme. Théo's charm 'La Jolie Parfumeuse' has not a single merit. It was her first famous representation and it remains, perhaps, her best. It professes to be a picture of the days of Louis XV. and of the life which M. de la Popelinière describes in his 'Tableaux des Mœurs du Temps.' It carries the pretty vender of perfumes, who is as historical as the 'boulanger' whose wealth was sung in the preceding reign,— carries her from her wedding-feast in the Porcherons to the house of an obscene old rake, the Baron Chevrial of his time. There she undergoes sundry mishaps and misadventures, and returns next morning to her perfumes with a decidedly unpleasant recollection of the old rake's hospitality. If the authors had been up to their work they would have shown us as pleasant a glimpse of the paths which led to the Parc aux Cerfs, as in 'La Fille de Mme. Angot' we have of the intrigues in drawing-room and street with which Barras, the Director, was surrounded. Instead of this, they are content with broad jokes, equivocal situations, foul innuendoes, and all the ordinary symptoms of the leprosy which is eating out the life of the French stage.

Still more noticeable is this neglect of opportunities in Mme. Théo's third piece—'La Timbale d'Argent.' A Swiss singing society is contending for the prize of a silver cup. Having gone into training for the contest they put themselves under the vows which bound the Athenians in the 'Lysistrata,' and 'Thesmophoriazuse' of Aristophanes. Such a predicament, delicately shown, might be made the source of abundant humor. But the authors of 'La Timbale d'Argent' have neither humor nor delicacy. They flounder up to their necks in the mire. They splash their filth over the stage. They drag all the personages into their cesspool of dulness, and it is only Mme. Théo who manages to extricate herself—a plump little Venus, rising, not from the foam, but from the mud.

It is useless to counsel her to get new plays. There are no new plays to be got. Since M. Ludovic Halévy took to the composition of delightful romances, dissolving his partnership with M. Henri Meilhac, there is not a comic librettist in France. Since Offenbach was wherried by Charon into the regions whither he conducted Orpheus, France has lost her race of humorous composers. They are gone, the fantastic spirits, whose quips were wont to charm us; they are pacing the meadows of asphodel, and the world grows hourly duller, and still more dull.

### Music

#### The Chorus Society.

It is well known that Beethoven intended to set the first part of Goethe's 'Faust' to music, the second

portion not being published until six years after his death. But he failed to carry out his intention, and the task fell on the shoulders of a lesser genius, but one who nevertheless did his work with rare skill and sympathy. Schumann divided the poem into three parts, and it was the third of these—that, namely, which deals with Faust's 'glorification'—which he treated first and which bears the evidence of having been composed at a time when his life was full of vigor and sunshine. This third division consists of one great scene (the other two parts have each of them several scenes), and is, from a musical point of view, by far the most interesting of the three. The work was never intended for stage-performance, nor did Schumann even intend the three parts to be given together. They are entirely distinct compositions, intended merely for concert-performance. The work is in the nature of a musical commentary on the poem, and for a complete understanding of it, a thorough knowledge of the poem is necessary. Schumann has brought to bear on his work the intelligent sympathy with Goethe's masterpiece of which he was capable, and the result is a work which in daring originality of conception and freshness of treatment is excelled by no other of his choral works. It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Thomas was led to the conclusion that the first performance of this noble composition in New York would be a most attractive novelty. Where he made a fatal mistake was, in supposing that a newly-formed choral society would be able to give to a work presenting such amazing difficulties the rendering which it requires. The applause so liberally bestowed was given, presumably, to the composition, rather than to its rendition; for it would be an insult to the understanding of the audience to assume that it failed to see the defects of the choral rendering. The final grand 'Chorus Mysticus' might well tax any choir, with its complicated effects; but the Chorus Society came signally to grief, and, while losing all color and contrast, did not even preserve the mechanical correctness at which they seemed to aim.—Mr. Remmert's broad and open style was gratefully received in his solos, but Mr. Toedt is physically unable to do justice to such a score. Miss Hubbel and Miss Antonia Henne were pleasing, but over-taxed.

Another novelty to New York was Bach's Cantata, 'My Spirit was in Heaviness,' which received rather better treatment at the hands of the chorus, and was excellently interpreted by the soloists. It seems strange that Bach should so seldom have had a hearing in this country. The great revival of his music which took place in Europe some fifty years ago, and resulted in the formation of Bach Societies even in 'un-musical' England, seems to have had little effect on this side of the Atlantic, and Saturday was the first oc-

casion on which the solemn strains of this great religious work were heard in New York City. Judging from the reception given it, however, it will not be the last. Mr. Thomas deserves praise for introducing these old-time 'novelties.'

#### Mme. Patti, at the Academy.

It is difficult to speak of Mme. Patti's 'Lucia' in restrained terms. It is enough to say that she invested the dry bones of that most hackneyed opera with such life as to enrapture an audience largely composed of old play-goers, and hold them spell bound whenever she appeared on the stage. The conditions of Mme. Patti's parentage and early training and subsequent career were such as to form her voice into a musical instrument the like of which may not be heard again by this generation. She is an artist 'au bout des ongles,' and like a true artist knows her own limitations. In certain forms of operatic creation she is out of place. She confines herself wisely to such a repertory as gives full effect to her particular gifts, and in her own parts she is unapproachable. To think of her in connection with Wagner would be folly. Even in 'Semiramide,' which she sang last Monday night in conjunction with Mme. Scalchi, she hardly shows to full advantage; and the extraordinary enthusiasm with which the two were received must be taken as in some measure due to the esteem in which the contralto is held by the public. Madame Scalchi is a clever actress, and has a voice rich and strong in the upper and lower registers; but she is not a great artist by any means. Operatic contraltos are so rare, however, that we should be grateful for what is even a little above mediocrity,—and Mme. Scalchi is much above it.

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